

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN IN YOUR HOME

"The home," said Cardinal Gibbons, "is the primeval school. It is the best, the most potential of all academies, and the parent, especially the mother is the first, the most influential and the most cherished teacher." A Catholic magazine is her best assistant.

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. X.

MAY 1922

No. 5

"Mother, How Little You Suspected!"

When as a child you played beside the rill,
Plying play-boats with many a tragic thrill,
Catching the stream's quick glances as it fled,
Dashing its coolness on your throbbing head;

When on the soft, green cushions of the grass,
You chanced to rest, or errand-bound to pass;
When the uncomeliest flower of the hill,
Rank and unscented, thy rare heart would fill
With gleeful transports; when the welcome knell
Of the morning and of toil resounded, and you fell,
Exhausted in the shade of some kind, shelt'ring tree,
Or plucked its fruit, or "o-o-o-ed" its majesty;

When on the sward or by the tree and stream,
Roused at the mellow note or frantic scream
Of some winged songster, motionless you stood,
To list its note, to view its plumage, or as best you could
To imitate its call:—

How little you foresaw this distant day,
Dear Mother Mary, when, through all our May,
Of every sea and river, every fall,
Of every tree and every greenest lawn,
Of every flower and fruit and toothsome herb,
Of every bird and beast from vesper till the dawn,
From dawn to eventime—each excellence suberb,
Each beauty, to you should consecrated be,
All in the earth's swift turning whirled to Thee.

Father Tim Casey

A CLASSIC REVIVAL

C. D. MC ENNERY, C. SS. R.

"Rose McGrath, C. of M." Father Casey read aloud from the cover of a dainty note book. "What sort of learned title is this you're putting after your name, Rose?" he asked.

"Why, Father, you know that! It is 'Child of Mary'—meaning a member of the sodality of the Children of Mary."

"Rose use to write it 'F. de M.'—'Fille de Marie,'" interrupted Maggie, "but her friend from overseas saw it one day and began to *parley vous*, and found out those are the only three French words Rose knows. And after that she came down to the level of us ordinary mortals and wrote 'Child of Mary' in plain everyday United States."

"I think you're mean!" pouted Rose.

"Oui, oui, Mademoiselle!" cried the other girls in chorus.

"And what are you doing for your Mother this month?" asked Father Casey.

There was a puzzled look on their faces. Presently Rose said:

"Doing for my Mother?—why?"

"Because each one of you signs yourself 'Child of Mary'. You Claim Mary for your Mother. This is May, Mary's month. Hence I ask what are you doing for your Mother this month?"

"Oh!" murmured several of the girls, but Rose asked, "Why must we do something?"

"No, of course not!" returned the priest.—"Not if being a Child of Mary consists in nothing else but writing a few funny letters after your name!"

"Oh yes, we know," said Frances; "we ought to do something for our Mother during her beautiful month, and I am sure we do try to love her more than ever this month—when we think of it."

"Not a particularly definite or determined service, is it?" asked the priest smiling.

"Then too," Frances hurried to add, "we try to say our regular prayers with more attention and devotion than usual."

—"When you think of it," supplemented the priest.

"Well, Father, what should we do?" questioned impetuous Rose.

"Anything you please,—provided it is done in good earnest as a special act of devotion from a Child of Mary towards her heavenly Mother during the month of May."

"For instance?"

"You might, for instance, abstain from candy during this month in her honor—or better still, abstain from dancing during the month just to get control of yourself, so that your love for innocent dancing may never betray you into conduct unworthy of a Child of Mary."

Thus far the good priest's suggestions had evidently aroused very little enthusiasm. Presently one of the girls advanced a counter proposition.

"How would it be, Father, if we should say some special extra prayers in honor of our Blessed Mother every day during May?"

"A capital idea!" he said.

"I know what prayers I shall say," cried Rose. There is a lovely book just published, I saw it down at Kitty's. You know Kitty is so pious. It has a beautiful prayer for every day of the month. That ought to be just the thing. Don't you think so, Father Casey?"

"Splendid!" said the priest. "Still I must say that I prefer the classics."

"Classics! What do you mean, Father?"

"You are an educated lady, surely you know what are classics."

"We know what are classics in books. They are works by the best authors, rich in sublime thoughts, growing more beautiful and full of meaning the more they are repeated and pondered."

"Well said, my child!—and classics in prayers are the same as classics in books. Who are some of the best authors, the classic writers of books?"

"Oh, men like Homer in Greek, Cicero in Latin, Shakespeare in English, Dante in Italian—"

"Good! And who are the best authors in prayers?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Of course you know. The best authors in prayers are God and God's Church and His angels and Saints. When you get a prayer composed by all of them, you know you have a classic."

"Father, is there such a prayer in existence?"

"Indeed, there is—and your old Irish grandmother—though perhaps she didn't know whether Dante was a comet or a cough medicine

—yet she repeated and pondered this prayer classic until it made her one of the most elevated beautiful spiritual minds I have known."

"Father, please, what is that prayer?"

"The Rosary!"

They expressed their surprise by sundry exclamations:

"The Rosary!—What, the rosary a classic!—just the ordinary every day rosary!—You don't mean the rosary that everybody says!—The rosary a classic!"

"The Rosary is a prayer composed by God and God's Church, and God's Angels, and God's Saints. Did we not agree before that a prayer composed by these authors is a classic?"

"Did they really compose the rosary? I thought—"

"Well, examine it and see for yourselves. What prayers make up the rosary?"

"Oh, just the Our Father and the Hail Mary," said Rose.

"And the Apostles' Creed and the Glory be to the Father," added Frances.

"Who composed the Our Father?"

"Our Lord," they all answered in a breath.

"Yes," replied the priest, "And our Lord is God. Therefore this prayer was composed by God. You remember the occasion—the disciples had heard our Lord speaking so often about prayer—urging everybody to pray—rebuking them for not praying in temptation—describing the wonderful graces that may be obtained through prayer. Well, all this set them thinking and they concluded that perhaps after all they did not really know how to pray. And so the next time our Lord went apart to pray in silence and alone they watched until He had finished and then they said: 'Master, teach us to pray.' These same disciples had said and done many things which had caused Him sadness and disappointment. But this present request was one which filled his heart with holy joy. He hastened to impart the lesson for which they asked. He dictated to them the most perfect prayer that was ever repeated by human lips—a prayer containing everything we should wish for God or ask for ourselves. He said: 'When you pray, say, Our Father, who art in heaven . . . ' The Our Father forms a part of the rosary."

"And who composed the Hail Mary?"

Before the priest had time to answer, Rose blurted out:

"Saint Bernard!"

"Oh Rose, you're disgracing us all," they cried.

"The first words of the prayer," said Father Casey, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed are thou among women' are the words which the Blessed Gabriel addressed to the Virgin when he was sent from on high to announce to her the wonderful tidings that she was to become the Mother of God. Is not that a classic prayer which was carried by one of God's angels from God in heaven to the Mother of God on earth? Then there are the words spoken by St. Elizabeth, mother of St. John the Baptist. Moved by charity the Blessed Virgin had made the difficult journey to visit her cousin. St. Elizabeth saw the Blessed Virgin coming and was inspired by the Holy Ghost to address her in these words: 'Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.' Words inspired by the Holy Ghost and pronounced by a Saint are surely a classic prayer. The last part of the Hail Mary, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death'—was composed by God's Church. It crystallizes in one weighty sentence that merciful and consoling doctrine which has saved many a despairing soul, namely that God's blessed Mother by her powerful prayers is both willing and able to obtain for us from her divine Son all we need in the struggle of life, and above all to secure for us in the dread hour of death, contrition, pardon, salvation."

"And the Apostles' Creed?"

"The Apostles' Creed was composed by the Apostles, before they separated to preach Christianity to the world, in order to have in a short and concise form the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. What the Magna Charta was to a freed people, what the constitution is to every loyal American, that the Apostles' Creed is to every Catholic Christian. It is the summing up of the sublime truths in which we place our trust for time and eternity. We should glory in making this deep strong act of faith, in repeating it again and again with those first preachers of Christianity, who have received their doctrine from the lips of Christ himself: 'I believe in in God . . . and in Jesus Christ His only Son . . . who was born of the Virgin Mary . . . crucified and died . . . I believe in the Holy Catholic Church . . . the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting.' Then there is the Glory be to the Father. We are taught this prayer by the Church. Here again, just as in the latter part of the Hail Mary, Holy Church shows her

motherly solicitude and her deep understanding of human nature by teaching us a sublime doctrine in the form of a brief prayer. The mystery of the Holy Trinity is the deepest mystery of revealed religion. We cannot comprehend how there can be three Divine Persons, yet only one God. We cannot comprehend it—yet we believe—fully, freely we believe it, because the God of Truth has revealed it. Holy Church encourages us to show our faith in the Triune God, not so much by the study of a mystery too deep for us, as by humbly adoring the goodness of God who has deigned to transmit to our puny minds some idea of His own ineffable, mysterious Being—and to show our homage by repeating what the redeemed souls repeat throughout the endless ages of a blissful eternity: 'Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost—the self-same glory that was His from the beginning and will be His for evermore.' The rosary is a classic. It is made up of these four sublime prayers, the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the I believe in God, and the Glory be to the Father."

"I know what this month of May is going to be for our branch of the Children of Mary."

"What is that," asked Father Casey.

"A classic revival," said Rose.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF GOOD BUSINESS

The Ten Commandments are the fundamentals of prosperity, Roger Babson, expert in economic statistics, told business men of St. Paul, at a meeting of the Athletic Club. He was discussing present conditions of industry and the problems of readjustment.

"There is nothing fundamentally wrong with business in the United States, and this year will be a prosperous year, if we realize that the Ten Commandments are the fundamentals of all prosperity," Mr. Babson said.

"All our troubles we owe to lack of religion. The future of the business of the country depends on the development of the soul of man."

Daily Bread

BIBLE STUDY: JOHN VI. 1-15

T. Z. AUSTIN, C. SS. R.

"When Jesus therefore had lifted up His eyes, and seen that a very great multitude cometh to Him, He said to Philip: Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat? * * * One of His disciples * * * saith to Him: There is a boy here that hath five loaves and two fishes; but what are these among so many? Then Jesus said: Make the men sit down * * * The men therefore sat down, in number about five thousand. And Jesus took the loaves; and when He had given thanks, He distributed to them that were set down * * * They gathered up, therefore, and filled up twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above to them that had eaten * * * Jesus therefore, when He knew that they would come to take Him by force, and make Him king, fled again into the mountains, Himself alone."

THE LESSON

Deep and far reaching and manifold are the lessons suggested by the words and actions of Our Lord in the incident of this miracle. It is indeed one of the most beautiful scenes in Our Lord's life,—because it shows Him to us in His human kindness and tenderness, pitying the hunger of the crowd.

But there is one lesson that stands out above all the rest; one lesson which I think no one can doubt to be the lesson intended by Our Lord Himself; and that lesson is an exhortation to receive Holy Communion often and well. I say, hardly anyone can doubt that this was uppermost in Our Lord's mind on this occasion. Why? Just consider.

When did He perform the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves? It was on the day before that memorable day when He made us the solemn promise of the Holy Eucharist,—the day on which He pronounced those wonderful words: "My flesh is meat indeed and My Blood is drink indeed; he who eateth not the flesh of the Son of Man * * * shall not have life in him."

Consider further, the character of the miracle itself. How per-

fectly it brings before our minds the nature and characteristics of Holy Communion. If Jesus had tried to foreshadow this Holy Sacrament, He could hardly have found a better way to do it.

There can hardly be any question, then, that we are fulfilling Our Lord's own wish when we turn our thoughts from this incident to Holy Communion. The application suggests some interesting conclusions, in particular, regarding the dispositions that are required,—that are necessary and sufficient for the frequent reception of this Sacrament.

DISPOSITIONS NOT REQUIRED BY OUR LORD

When we look at the matter from a merely human standpoint, we might get all kinds of queer notions about the dispositions necessary to receive Holy Communion worthily and as it deserves.

We might imagine, for instance, that we must be as holy as possible. Look, we might argue, in order to preserve the Sacred Host in the tabernacle, the Church requires vessels of gold,—of the most precious metal. And no one doubts the propriety of this. Should not then in a similar way, the highest possible sanctity be required in those who wish to receive Him into their hearts? receive Him who is the God of all holiness?

Or again, we might be led to consider Holy Communion as a reward for our perfect fidelity to Him and His service, so that to receive worthily, we must have performed a great many good and virtuous actions. Or lastly, we might be led to think, by false reverence for Our Lord, that we must be free from venial sin even, if we wish to receive Him worthily into our hearts.

Yes, if we were to judge from a merely human standpoint, we might get these and similar notions; and we might come to the same conclusions that some heretics called Jansenists came to, that the less we receive Holy Communion, the more honor we show to God and the better we fulfil His wishes. Now this is altogether false, because it is simply a human idea, not the will and wish of our Divine Saviour.

Does He make any such demands on us for the reception of Holy Communion? No. What He thinks about it, is sufficiently clear.

Did he not show on ever so many occasions that His ways are not our human ways,—the very contrary? For instance, had we been asked by Our Lord how He should come down to this earth and be born, would we ever have suggested the stable of Bethlehem? Had

He asked us how He should proceed to redeem the world, would we ever have said: "Put yourself as a feeble child in a crib, lying on straw, helpless and unknown?" Had He told you: I came to preach the Gospel of salvation throughout the world, would you have said,—would you ever have thought of saying: "Go, die on a cross between two thieves?" No man would have dreamt of such things: For God's views and man's are different.

So let us also in regard to the demands we make for a worthy Communion lay aside human views, those suggested by what we think proper for Him and let us adopt His own views. These He shows us very significantly in the circumstances of this miracle.

Why does He prepare food for the multitude? That He might be honored thereby? No; He hides Himself when they would honor Him. The one motive that was uppermost in His mind was because he had mercy on the multitude and wished to feed them. Why does He give them food? As a reward precisely for their goodness? No; but because He sees them fainting in the way. Does He give this food only to the specially devout? No; but to every man and every woman in the throng that followed Him.

So when we compare what demands Our Lord makes in other places in which He speaks directly of Holy Communion, we can find only two: 1) We must be in the state of grace, to the best of our knowledge; and 2) we must have a good intention in communicating.

These two are necessary, but these two are also sufficient; though there is no limit put to the nobility of disposition we may and should strive to have. But as long as we have these two dispositions, the reception of Holy Communion will, absolutely speaking, be more profitable than the abstaining from it.

NECESSARY AND SUFFICIENT DISPOSITIONS.

Consider these two dispositions more particularly. The first requisite is the *state of grace*. What do you mean by this? It does not mean that we must have been constantly in the state of grace—so that we must be for a long time free from grievous sin. But, at the time we receive, we must be free from grievous sin. A good confession and the determination never to commit grievous sin in the future, is the best guarantee for that.

It does not mean exactly either that your conscience must be calm and peaceful—so that, if you have a vague and indefinite fear of

being unworthy or of being in the state of sin, you must abstain from Communion. No,—but so long as you are not certain of having committed a grievous sin since your last confession, you are worthy to go to Holy Communion.

Nor does it mean that you must go to confession before every Communion. You are obliged to go to confession before Holy Communion, if you have committed a grievous sin and only then. True, it is good to make it a practice to go to confession every week or two; but in case you are unable to get to confession and are not certain of being in the state of sin, take the opportunity that presents itself of going to Holy Communion.

Our Lord teaches us that this disposition is required for Holy Communion by the very fact that he instituted it in the form of a food for our soul. Food is of no use to a dead man; it is only the living who can profit by it. Now, the life of the soul is sanctifying grace—the freedom from mortal sin.

The second disposition required is: *to have a right intention in going*. What do we mean by a right intention? A right intention—as the Decree of Pope Pius X. on Holy communion says—consists in this: that he who approaches the holy table should do so not out of routine or vain glory or human respect; but for the purpose of pleasing God, of being more closely united with Him by charity, and of seeking this divine remedy for his weaknesses and defects.

It does not mean that if another motive a human and imperfect creeps in as a secondary motive for going to Holy Communion, that one's intention is no longer right. For instance—a person may really be prompted by a desire of being better when going to Holy Communion—and then a little vain glory slips in—or a little desire to please or custom—it does not make the main purpose cease to be right.

It does not mean that I must explicitly formulate these motives before Holy Communion. The mere fact of approaching the holy table freely is a proof that you are moved thereto by faith and confidence—by a desire to become better—or by love for our Lord.

Nor does it mean that I must have all the right intentions mentioned in the Pope's decree. If I have one of them—if I simply communicate in order to become better, it is sufficient.

That this disposition is necessary, is clear once more from the purpose for which Our Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament. It is

to be for us a means of preserving the life of our souls—to give us the strength of soul, necessary to avoid sin. Now we must use all things for the purpose for which our Lord gives them to us.

CONCLUSION: These two conditions—to be in the state of grace, to the best of our knowledge—and to have a right intention—are necessary and sufficient for receiving Holy Communion,—whether once a year or every week or every day. More is not demanded. Naturally, the better our dispositions, the more we will profit by the graces of this sacrament. But so long as we have these two dispositions, Communion in itself will be more profitable than the omission of it. So long as we receive worthily, better an imperfect Communion than no Communion. And every Communion will help us to be better for the next one.

VENIAL SIN AND COMMUNION.

But some one will say: Does not venial sin, especially if one is attached to some venial sin and is unwilling to give it up—make us unworthy of receiving Holy Communion often? The answer is "No". Although it is most expedient that those who communicate frequently or daily, should be free from venial sin, especially from such as are fully deliberate and from any affection thereto, nevertheless, it is sufficient that they be free from mortal sin with the purpose of never sinning grievously in the future; and if they have this sincere purpose, it is fairly certain but that daily communicants will gradually emancipate themselves even from venial sins and from all affection thereto, or they will give up the habit of frequent Communion.

These are not my words—this is not my answer, but the answer of Pope Pius X. in his decree on frequent communion. But what then do we conclude from these words?

In the first place, the church does not make light of venial sins; but at the same time wishes us to remember that it does not involve the death of the soul nor deprive us of God's friendship. The soul stained therewith still remains through the presence of sanctifying grace, supremely dear to God; and we need not wonder that the word made flesh should seek by means of His sacramental presence to protect and strengthen the divine life of that soul.

Secondly, we must remember that Holy Communion is just the most effectual means of purifying oneself from venial sins. It is, as St. Alphonsus says, a virtual detestation of sin. It acts upon the

enfeebled soul as a tonic or cordial upon an anaemic person—or to adopt the figure of the Cure of Ars, like bellows upon a fire that is nearly out.

Thirdly we must conclude that, if we bewail many venial sins in our lives we must not on that account abstain from Communion, for our souls would only sicken the more. But we should communicate the more with humility and contrition, hoping to obtain from Communion itself the cleansing of our venial sins and strength to avoid them in the future.

It follows lastly, that if we see round us people who still remain very imperfect, despite the fact that they go frequently to communion, we should not be astonished or shocked by it—being mindful that venial sins do not really make us unworthy of Communion and that only God knows how they are profiting by the grace of the sacrament.

Apply these principles to a little case that may easily occur. A person sets about going to Holy Communion. As he is preparing, distractions come into his mind and for a little while he deliberately entertains them. Then he happens to think of some person with whom he had had some difficulty and vexed and impatient thoughts trouble him. He becomes so wrought up about it, he says to himself: I will stay away out of reverence and humility. Is he acting wisely in making this decision? No, his action is penny-wise and pound foolish. Why so? Let us see.

In the first place, he is still in the state of grace. Those distractions and vexed thoughts were only venial sins.

Secondly he still wishes to be better—that is—he still has a right intention—his very thought of “greater reverence and humility” shows that.

Thirdly, his reverence and humility is a rather poor act when compared with the desire and wish of Jesus Christ declared to us by the Church.

Fourthly, what is the merit of that poor act of reverence and humility, compared with the merit of receiving our Lord?

Fifthly, what is the remedial efficacy of that poor act of reverence and humility, compared with the remedial efficacy of Christ’s Body and Blood? He who by a glance of his eyes brought bitter tears of sorrow to Peter’s eyes, will He not by His presence in us be able to rouse love enough in us to destroy every vestige of these venial

sins? No,—to abstain in that case would indeed be penny-wise and pound foolish.

Let us not require any man to make conditions for the reception of Holy Communion, but let us adhere, while trying to improve our dispositions more and more, let us adhere to our Lord's designs and demand as necessary only two conditions; the state of grace to the best of our knowledge and a right intention in receiving

COMMUNION AND CONFESSION

Very commonly people are under the impression they must go to confession before every Communion. Besides, for the gaining of plenary indulgences confession and communion are generally prescribed. To clear up both difficulties, let us put together the doctrines in regard to confession and Communion although we have already referred to it in passing.

We must always distinguish what is necessary and what is more perfect. For the worthy reception of Holy Communion Confession is necessary: If we are conscious of having fallen and that certainly, into grievous sin since our last confession. It is good and advisable to make a practice of going every week or two. The advantages of such a practice are too obvious to mention or too many to explain here.

For the gaining of a plenary indulgence the regular weekly confession is sufficient for all plenary indulgences to be gained during the week. For those who go to Holy Communion every day or at least five times a week their ordinary practice of confession, whether every week or every two weeks, is sufficient for all plenary indulgences and no special confession is required. This always supposes, of course, that they did not certainly fall into grievous sin meanwhile. One Communion ordinarily speaking is sufficient for all plenary indulgences of that day and the day following. Of course—all the other good works required for each plenary indulgence must be fulfilled for each indulgence to be gained.

PRACTICAL POINTS.

One thing must strike everyone after these reflections. It is this. How little our Lord requires from us in the reception of Holy Communion, considering the sacredness of this sacrament! If men had the determination of the conditions—how they would screw them up! But it is as if our divine Redeemer were here on earth again, con-

versing in all simplicity and freedom with the children of men and men complained again: See, He consorts with sinners.

Only two things He requires for worthy Communion, no matter how frequent—the robe of grace and a right intention. He himself will help us by the grace of His holy Presence, to advance ever more in virtue and goodness.

In thus simplifying the dispositions necessary to partake of this divine food, I think, our Lord shows most clearly His desire that men should receive as frequently as their circumstances will permit. And notice one thing in the story of our gospel, I mean, the prominence given to the men in it. They are mentioned in a particular way as having followed our Lord zealously and for them in the first place was the food prepared and to them in the first place it was given. That is the place at the holy table which our divine Redeemer evidently foresaw for them. May He from the altar inspire them to live up to these expectations and give to all not only a high esteem for Holy Communion, but also an earnest desire to receive it frequently.

YOUR POWER

"Even the weakest natures," says Smiles, "exercise some influence upon those about them. The approximation of feeling, thought and habit is constant, and the action of habit is unceasing." A case in point:

A Catholic husband of a non-Catholic wife never neglected to say his morning and evening prayers devoutly on his knees. Twenty years later his wife was received into the Church. Relating her experience, she said:

"One thing that helped me to believe was the example of my husband. I thought that a religion that could get a big six-footer to go down on his knees twice a day, must have much more to it than I at first believed possible."

Heaven doth with us as we with
torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if
our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are
not finely touched
But to fine issues.

—Shakespeare.

Hats vs. Cufflinks

A MATTER OF HABERDASHERY

J. W. BRENNAN, C. SS. R.

It was their first spat, and not much of one, even at its worst. Just a rapid-fire exchange of mutual recriminations interspersed with a few sarcastic compliments, but with no accompaniment of broken dishes or flying utensils. "Thank God for that," thought the amateur man of the family fervently. They had been married just six months,—a gloriously happy six months; and he was really thankful that the affair had turned out no worse. The thought, however, was the only oasis of cheer in a desert of gloom.

Although the misunderstanding had occurred the preceding evening, he was still hot over the matter, and demonstrated the workings of his mind by sundry vicious twists at a perversely eccentric necktie, while he punctuated the proceedings with muttering. The storm had passed, but the clouds still lingered on the horizon and the thunder still rumbled in the distance.

"That confounded hat question! Turban! Goodnight! Thinks this is Bagdad,"—this with a yank,—"I guess." The tie swung around with a snap and the air seemed purple. But he continued his apostrophe. He'd like to know who was running this house anyway! Who the mischief had to foot the bills! He'd like to know, he would, at just what particular moment in his life he had merited the opprobrious adjective 'color-blind'—and still further; since when had he been rendered incapable of distinguishing a woman's hat from a patient fly catcher.

Evidently *she* had been the cause of it all!

Into this tempest of the heart came the calm, clear tones of St. Mary's church bell calling the faithful to the nine o'clock Mass. He groaned as he wrestled with the tie. A last and unusually vigorous jerk was followed by a strained protest from collar and tie, after which both severed diplomatic relations.

"Christopher!" he muttered in dismay. "Things never happen singly; they just come in chunks!"

"Coming, John?" called his wife from the hallway. "We have just ten minutes to make it in, dear." He thought her voice trembled; but

then, it also had a happy ring to it. "Jinrickisha!" he growled, "can she be laughing!" The thought was by no means soothing.

"Not yet,—dear!" He added the term of endearment thoughtfully. "This,—this—"much heroic restraint here; "—confounded—tie is all messed up. Run along and I'll meet you at the church."

The door closed and he could hear her cheerful voice saluting some friends evidently bound in the same direction. A faint peal of laughter from outside, and the sound of their voices dying away quickly gave his supersensitive nature another opportunity to demand retribution. But left to himself, a new light dawned on him and with commendable frankness he addressed himself; "John Richmond Randolph, you are an honest to goodness boob!" And the mocking echoes from wall and door and every heavy hanging answered, "Boob!"

He felt relieved and, as usually happens, had better success with his neckwear. But his cuff-links were missing, that is one of them was. With on old pair he made the best of the situation and was on his way. A generous burst of speed with no further mishaps brought him to the door of St. Mary's just as the priest was finishing the Epistle. An old friend of his, Frank Knight, was the usher honored with the duty of escorting him to a seat.

"Sorry, John old boy," Frank whispered, as he met him, "your pew is taken by this time; it's pretty late you know. But come along —we'll fix you up." Then he led the way to a seat well up the center aisle. For the life of him, John could not fathom these tactics; nor could he interpret the quizzical smile on Frank's face. It had burst into being as soon as they had met, and a trace was still visible when, with a graceful sweep of his right arm, Frank Knight indicated the pew. It really worried John, so much so that he forgot to genuflect and tumbled into the pew more after the manner of a sack of potatoes than a human being; thereby earning a frozen stare from an elderly woman who occupied the inside seat. His temperature had risen to 100 in the shade when he entered the church; it now dropped promptly to zero. A heavy set old gentlemen followed him into the pew, thus completing its quota.

John Randolph had an uncomfortable sensation, an indescribable yet very real sensation amounting to a presentiment that he was a doomed man for that morning. Even the sacred precincts of the

church seemed to refuse him sanctuary against the Nemesis of misfortune that was pursuing him.

But this was no time for misgivings. He had made some bad breaks, he admitted to himself, and now must make the best of it. He tried to pray. First he found himself twining his rosary around his fingers aimlessly and gave up that. Next his favorite and well thumbed prayerbook was called into action; but even that great aid to devotion failed this morning. The bell rang for the Sanctus and he realized that about half of the mass was over. It was a mortifying reflection to a man who appreciated the value of the Mass. As he knelt, sandwiched between his two corpulent associates in the pew, he wondered whether Marie could see him. She was not in sight; which did not mean much since his range of vision was limited in the extreme. An expansive piece of feminine headgear hung like the asbestos curtain of a theater immediately before him, effectually shutting off from view everything in front of him, including the sanctuary, except the upper part of the altar and the painting of the Crucifixion that overtopped it. He sank back upon the seat,—a delightfully easy position,—and discovered he could see the priest, under a corner of the brim. Suddenly the hat bent forward; the curtain had dropped! He stiffened up with an inward groan as the unusual strain made itself felt on his knees. He saw a tiny handkerchief creep up under the hat,—and began to wonder whether Marie had cried since their quarrel.

This led to a daydream over the affair. It was a question of the purchase of a new hat. He had insisted that she purchase a graceful monster of the parasol type; she had declared for a dainty little turban 'a la militaire.' That was the sum total of it all; and what a fuss it had caused. He called himself lots of pretty names,—interiorly; and awoke to find that omnipresent and everlasting grinning Knight holding a collection box in front of him. Evidently he had missed the Consecration of the Mass! He fumbled confusedly in his pocket for some change,—Frank gave the box an admonitory little shake; and with a last desperate plunge his fingers clutched what seemed to be a dime. He drew it out hastily and dropped it immediately into the box. Then his eyes almost popped out, and he could feel the blushes chasing each other up into his hair. It was a cufflink which he had grasped at its base,—one of a set that Knight had given him for a wedding present.

He tried to look unconscious of it all, and never seemed less at ease. The minutes dragged like hours, while his only thoughts were centered about hats, hats, hats,—and cufflinks.

Now if there was one practice that John Randolph detested, it was the habit some people had of rushing from the church when the priest was about half through the last prayers. He called it a reversed shopping principle,—“Exit early and avoid the rush.” But today it appeared different. So just when the priest was beginning the beautiful prayer to St. Michael, John seized his hat, scrambled over the old gentleman between him and the aisle, and proceeded to form the vanguard of those who were making a hasty and not altogether graceful exit.

The rich, ringing voice of the pastor arrested his steps. “Just a moment please. There is something I wish to show you.” John’s eyes followed the direction of the general gaze. The pastor was standing at one side of the sanctuary, half facing the altar. “Many of you,” he continued, “have witnessed the entrance of the priest to the altar. Most of you, I presume have followed the sublime ceremonies of the Mass. But there are some, I fear, who deprive themselves of the pleasure and profit of witnessing one beautiful ceremony.” The celebrant had now taken up the chalice and was on his way to the sacristy. “In the days of old,” continued the pastor, “the words ‘Ite Missa Est’ which mean, ‘Go, the Mass is over,’ may have had a literal signification. But in later years, the Church has added some prayers, prayers that are necessary and useful for all. And after they are over, comes the final ceremony”—by this time the celebrant had reached the sacristy —“the departure of the priest from the altar. I thank you.”

“Just my blasted luck!” muttered John, crimson with mortification. He turned to enter the vestibule, saw the still smiling Knight start to meet him holding something clutched between his fingers; but a sudden double-quick gave him a good lead and freedom.

Safe in the cosy recesses of his armchair in his beloved little home, he awaited the arrival of his wife. A cool, quiet smoke began to work charms, and he was almost ready to laugh at the ludicrous idea of it all, when he heard the light, and he thought, faltering step of his wife on the porch. In a minute she had entered.

“Good Lord! That hat!—You?” he almost shrieked.

"Why John, I thought that was what you wanted." The smile on her face trembled, her lips trembled, her eyes began to glisten.

"Well Marie, I've learned a thing or two in the last twelve hours; and believe me, the next time I speak a syllable about the choice of hats, especially your hats, call in a brain specialist;—or you can take revenge by selecting my cigars!" He kissed her, and then told her about the mishap with the cufflink. "And the way that cad grinned,—sort of Cheshire cat effect,—why, what's the matter?" Marie had dropped her face in her hands, and was laughing heartily.

"I don't blame Frank for smiling!"

"You don't! Well of all the,—"

"Listen. Where were you sitting?"

"Right in back of you,—and that drop-curtain hat!"

"I see. Well, I had picked up your cufflink last night and had placed it in my purse with my change, intending to give it to you this morning. And then,—I—for got and,—"she blushed and began to laugh again.

"Hurry up the denouement; I am hungry for breakfast."

"I was so flustered when he came around with the collection box that in trying to get a coin, I—dropped it into the box, too!"

While they were at breakfast, they heard the door bell ring. John answering the summons found no one there. An automobile sped round the corner out of sight. Turning, he noticed a packet protruding from the mail-box. He took it, opened it, and found the cufflinks, and a neat little note. He read it to Marie.

"To all whom it may concern! Since our destiny it to go through a useful life united, let no man put us asunder."

Signed,—The Cuff-links."

"That was real nice of Frank,"—remarked Marie.

"Yes, Frank is pretty white. He knows when a joke's a joke, and when it is almost a tragedy. Say, Marie, suppose you scurry those dishes into the kitchen, while I get the car, and then we'll go back to High Mass, and hear Mass like genuine Catholics." He looked at his watch. "Better hurry, we've just got ten minutes to make it."

The Paths of Light

ELIZABETH A. SETON: CONVERT

AUGUST T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

Mrs. Seton had practically to cover the same road twice. When she left Italy, we saw, she was already at the very threshold of the church—having been held off only by Mr. Filicchi, with the intention of being further instructed. She had gotten there by practical arguments and experiences at first hand of the Church's divine work.

On her return she was so set upon by her former co-religionists that she was almost completely unsettled, and she had to work her way back to the church by removing one by one, by means of reading, instruction, reflection and prayer, every difficulty human reason and prejudice could raise.

MANY VOICES.

It had hardly become known that she had broken with Episcopalianism when her struggle began. Soon after her return to America, we find in one of her letters to Mrs. Amabilia Filicchi, the following account:

"I had a most affectionate note from Mr. Hobart (her former minister) today, asking me how I could ever leave the church in which I was baptised. But though whatever he says has the weight of my partiality for him, as well as the respect which, it seems to me, I could scarcely have for anyone else, yet that question made me smile; for it is like saying that wherever a child is born, and wherever its parents place it, there will it find the truth—and he does not hear the droll invitations made me everyday since I am in my little new home, and old friends come to see me."

"For it has already happened that one of the most excellent women I ever knew, who is of the Church of Scotland said to me:

'Oh do, dear soul! come and hear our J. Mason, and I am sure you will join us!'

"A little after, came one whom I loved for the purest and most innocent manners, of the Society of Quakers, (to which I have always been attached); she coaxed me too with artless persuasion:

"'Betsey, I tell thee, thee had better come with us!'

"And my faithful old friend of the Anabaptist meeting, Mrs. T.—says with tears in her eyes:

'Oh, could you be regenerated, could you know our experiences and enjoy with us our heavenly banquet!'

"And my good old Mary, the Methodist, groans and contemplates, as she calls it, over my soul, so misled because I have yet no convictions. But oh, my Father and my God, all that will not do for me. Your word is truth and without contradictions, wherever it is. One faith, one hope, one baptism I look for, wherever it is; and I often think my sins, my miseries, hide the light; yet I will cling and hold to my God to the last grasp, begging for that light, and never change until I find it."

MEETING THE STORM.

Mr. Hobart even went to the trouble of writing a long refutation of a letter which Mr. Filicchi had written to Mrs. Seton, stating Catholic teaching. And he provided her with many books.

What the nature of these books was we can easily see from some remarks she makes about them in her letters. Thus she writes:

"This afternoon after dismissing the children to play, I went to my knees in my little closet, to consider what I should do and how my sacred duty could direct. Should I again read those books I first received from Mr. Hobart? My heart revolted for I know there are all the *black accusations*, and the sum of them too sensibly torments my soul!"

Again she speaks of the "multiplied books brought for my instruction" and especially of Newton's "Prophecies," "so valued by them," which "sends all the followers of the pope to the bottomless pit."

"Oh my," she says, commenting on this last, "the worshipper of images and the man of sin are different enough from the beloved souls I knew in Leghorn, to ease my mind on that point, since I so well knew what you worshipped, my dear Amabilia; but yet so painful and sorrowful an impression is left upon my heart, it is all clouded and troubled."

Mr. Hobart visited her several times and used all the arts of special pleading upon her—from argument to inventive against the church whose position he could not assail. For, in her heart, it had taken root among its deepest fibers.

Thus she writes: "Mr. Hobart says: 'How can you believe there

are as many Gods as there are millions of altars and tens of millions of blessed hosts all over the world? Again I can but smile at his earnest words; for the whole of my cogitations about it are reduced to one thought:—'It is God who does it—the same God who fed so many thousands with the little barley loaves and little fishes, multiplying them, of course, in the hands which distributed them.'"

Notice how well she reasons: "The thought stops not a moment to me; I look straight at my God, and see that nothing is very hard to believe in it. Years ago I read in some old book, 'When you say a thing is a mystery and you do not understand it, you say nothing against the mystery itself, but only acknowledge your limited knowledge and comprehension, which does not understand a thousand things you must yet own to be true.'

And she is reminded of her old experiences in Leghorn in the midst of the devout Catholic family of the Filicchi's; and this, too, helps to remove difficulties.

"And so often," she continues, "it comes in my head, if the religion which gives to the world (at least to so great a part of it) the heavenly consolations attached to the belief of the Presence of God in the Blessed Sacrament, to be the food of poor wanderers in the desert of this world, as well as the manna was the support of the Isrealites through the wilderness to their Canaan; if this religion, says your poor friend, is the work or contrivance of men and priests, as they say, then God seems not as earnest for our happiness as these contrivers, nor to loves us,—as much as He did the children of the Old Law; since He leaves our churches with nothing but naked walls, and our altars unadorned with either the ark His presence filled, or any of the precious pledges of His care for us."

STICKS AND STONES.

They also urged against her Catholic ceremonies and worship of saints and images as pure formalism and external religion.

"They tell me," she writes, "I must worship Him now in spirit and in truth; but my poor spirit often goes to sleep, or roves about like an idler, for want of something to fix its attention. And for the truth, my dearest Amabilia, I think I feel more true union of heart and soul with Him over a picture of the crucifixion I found years ago in my father's portfolio, than in the;—but, what I was going to say would be folly, for truth does not depend on the people around

us, or on the place we are in. I can only say, I do long and desire to worship our God in truth; and if I had never met you Catholics, and yet should have read the books Mr. Hobart has brought me, they would have in themselves brought a thousand uncertainties and doubts to my mind."

Worldy considerations were also brought to bear upon her by her old friends. The Catholics of New York were represented to her as the "off-scouring of the people," and the Catholic congregation was declared to be "a public nuisance." Her reply shows her common sense:

"That troubles me not. The congregations of a city may be very shabby, yet very pleasing to God; or there may be very bad people among them, yet that cannot hurt the *faith*, as I take it. And should the priest himself deserve no more respect than is shown him here in New York, his ministry of the sacraments would be the same to me, if I ever shall receive them. I seek only God and His Church, and expect to find my peace in them, not in the people."

But it soon became plain that her old friends were fighting a losing battle against God's grace at work in Mrs. Seton's heart.

Mr. Hobart came once more. Mrs. Seton intended to show him a letter received from Mr. Filicchi, "But," she writes, "he was so out of patience that it was vain to show him the letter. He says: 'The church is corrupt; *we* have returned to the primitive doctrine, and what more would you have when you act according to your best judgment?' I tell him that would be enough for this world, but I fear for the next to meet another question. His visit was short, and painful on both sides. God direct me for I see it is in vain to look for help from anyone but Him."

MOORINGS.

In her struggle several things served to steady her in the Catholic faith.

First there were the deep impressions she had gained in the Filicchi home. As we see from the above letters, these came to the surface and served to dispel calumny and slander against the Church and showed her the misrepresentation of her true doctrine in their objections against it.

Next was the faith of her little children, whose innocent child-hearts absorbed Catholic teaching and devotion as naturally as the

flower drinks in sunshine. Thus she writes in one of her letters, on the feast of St. Michael:

"You would have been pleased to hear their questions about St. Michael, and how eagerly they listened to the history of the good offices done to us by the blessed angels, and of St. Micheal driving Lucifer out of heaven, etc. They always wait on their knees after prayers till I bless them with the sign of the cross, and I look up to God with an humble hope that He will not forsake us."

In another letter we find how they prod her on, so to speak, at the very time when Protestant friends were casting doubt around her.

"Anna coaxes me, when we are at our evening prayer to say Hail Mary! and all say: Oh do, Ma, teach it to us!" Even little Rebecca tries to lisp it, though she can scarcely speak; and I ask my Savior, why should we not say it? If anyone is in heaven His mother must be there. Are the angels then, who are so often represented as being so interested for us on earth, more compassionate, more exalted, than she is? Oh no, no! Mary, Our Mother, that cannot be! So I beg her to pity us and guide us to the true faith if we are not in it."

A few simple Catholic books were also of great aid to her—apparently, the Lives of some saints and The Following of Christ, more than any other.

"You charge me," she writes to her friend Filicchi, "not to neglect the Lives of the Saints, which I could not if I would, for they interest me so much that the little time I can catch for reading it all given to them; indeed they are a relaxation to my mind, for they lessen all my troubles and make them as nothing by comparison."

"I never weary," we read in another letter, "of reading à Kempis (Following of Christ), who by the way was a Catholic writer, and, as our Protestant Preface says: 'wonderfully versed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures,' and I read much too of St. Francis de Sales, so earnest for bringing all to the bosom of the Catholic Church; and I say to myself 'Will I ever know better how to please God than they did?' And down I kneel to pour my tears to them, and beg them to obtain faith for me."

THE LAST STROKE OF GRACE.

In November she wrote to her friend Amabilia Filiceli: "Would you believe, Amabilia—in desperation of heart I went last Sunday to St. George's, (Prostesant Episcopal) Church. The wants and neces-

sities of my soul were so pressing that I looked straight up to God, and told Him: 'Since I cannot see the way to please You whom alone I wish to please, everything is indifferent to me; and until You do show me the way You mean one to walk in, I will trudge on in the path You suffered me to be born in, and, go even to the very Sacrament where I once used to find you."

Her old friends rejoiced. But to Mrs. Seton it proved a decisive moment.

"If I left my home a Protestant," she continues, "I returned to it a Catholic, I think, since I determined no more to go to the Protestants, being much more troubled than ever I thought I could be while I remembered God is my God."

It was when she bowed her head before the Bishop for absolution, and remembered how Mr. Hobart's books rejected belief in power to absolve; and when receiving the Communion—while the Bishop disclaimed any belief in the Real Presence,—that a deep revulsion set in within her.

She turned away from the emptiness of those forms and sought for some Catholic priest to direct her. Being unable to secure an interview with Rev. Mr. O'Brien of St. Peter's Church, New York, she wrote to the pious and learned Father John Cheverus, later Bishop of Boston. Under his guidance she was soon in full glare of the true light.

TAKING THE LEAP.

One more difficulty they placed in her path. It was a very serious one for a woman of Mrs. Seton's caliber, and she tells of it in the following wise:

"Now they tell me, take care. I am a mother and my children must answer for in judgment whatever faith I lead them to. That being so, and I so unconscious, for I little thought till told by Mr. Hobart, that their faith could be so full of consequence to them or me, I will go peaceably and firmly to the Catholic Church, for, if faith is so important to our salvation, I will seek it where true faith first began—seek it among those who received it from God Himself."

"But," they said, "the Church of Rome has become Antichrist!" She replies:

"And so supposing the word of Our Lord has failed, and that He has suffered his first foundation to be built upon by Antichrist I can-

not stop on that without stopping on every other word of Our Lord, and being tempted to be no Christian at all; for, if the first Church became Antichrist, and the second holds her rights from it, then I should be afraid both might be Antichrist.

"Come, then, my little ones," she concludes, "we will go to judgment together, and present Our Lord His own words; and if He says: 'You fools, I did not mean that,' we will say: 'Since You said You would be *Always* even to the end of ages with this Church you built with Your Blood, if You ever left it, it is Your word which misled us; therefore please to pardon Your poor fools, for Your own word's sake."

Under these convictions she went to St. Peter's Church, New York, on Ash Wednesday, March 14th, to make her submission.

"How the heart," she writes upon her return from Church that morning, "died away as it were in silence before the little tabernacle and the great crucifixion over it! Ah, my God, here let me rest, and down the head on the bosom and the knees on the bench!"

She was at home at last.

(To be concluded)

STICKING TO IT

A man aged 24, wrote down in his note-book some things that he hoped ultimately to know and to know well. The same man, aged 54, looked the other day upon the yellowing page, and he smiled a little pensively, a little bitterly.

For thirty years he had been a dabbler. He picked at the dainties on the table of learning and covered the cloth with crumbs; but for all his lengthly sitting, he had risen with no sated appetite. He had lacked a system. At times he read intensively, but only for short times. Now and then he held a great idea within his grasp, but in a few minutes his grasp relaxed. He had a genius you see, for getting tired easily. And he hearkened ever to some new thing. Many books he read,—none he re-read. With countless ideas he had toyed and dallied; with none, however, he wrestled all the night for the certain blessing at the dawn. And so he could write:

"Owing to the lack of method and persistence, a possibility that was in me, has been wasted, lost. My life has been merely tentative, a broken series of false starts, and hopeless new beginnings."

The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope

CH. XVII. A DISCOVERY AND MOONLIGHT CHASE

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

When Charlotte knocked at Father Liscombe's door, he was deeply immersed in a sermon he was writing. Several books lay open on the table and a large sheet of half completed manuscript was spread before him.

"Good news, Father," exclaimed Charlotte. "The fight's over, and Patrick it the victor."

"Thank God!" said the priest, "it's over. I spent a sleepless night last night on account of it. I hope that will end it. But I fear it will not. Uuhappily, when men go after revenge, it's revenge they want. I fear this will only add fuel to the fire. Of course, it may be all right as far as Patrick is concerned, but Butterworth will only seek new ways to obtain satisfaction. I'm sorry I gave my consent; I've been worried even since I did it. Errando discimus,"—he continued with a sigh. "I only hope that no scandal will be taken."

But all afternoon he looked troubled and ill-at-ease. The next morning at break of day, without breakfast, having made arrangements the night before, he faced the January wind on 'Hendrick's', one of Uncle Stanhope's fine bays and by eight o'clock he rode into Father Horrell's yard. A little while later, with an ecstatic countenance he was saying Mass at a side altar, in the big church. After breakfast he went over to Maloney's and had a private interview with Patrick which lasted some time. Of course, by this time the news of the fight had spread far and wide. What was everybody's secret was nobody's secret, and Patrick deemed it wise to remain under cover for a few days, until the affair was hushed up. Fortunately some large political meetings, with eminent speakers took place that week, and public attention was diverted from so small a thing as a fist fight to be occupied by graver issues. Uncle Stanhope and Father Liscombe had both gone home, and life everywhere had settled down into its accustomed channels and routine. Janice's engagement party was now entirely out of the question. But she was as active as ever, working on some new spring dresses and taking long rides on Butter Ball, and it's perfectly safe to say, that she was meeting Butterworth clandes-

tinely, sometimes at the "Old Mill", sometimes at Dorothy Green's, and even at the "Hermitage", while Uncle Stanhope and Charlotte imagined her out just to take the air, or visiting one of the neighbors. The last week of January had come, and with it rainy weather. A cold blistering rain began to come down from the Northeast and the woods were dripping everywhere. The country roads became almost impassable, and the forests just seemed to send up clouds of steam, and "Marlowe Hills", "Clark's Creek" and the "Chattahoochee" were blanketed with mist. Such weather was most favorable to Butterworth's operations at the "Hermitage", because people are not apt to be nosing around under such circumstances, and the plant was working overtime. During the month of January, McGregor had made a number of successful trips to Tampa, and the pair were just coining money. The men at the plant being stock-holders were not adverse to working overtime, because they were sharers in the ill-gotten booty. The "Hermitage" being inaccessible even in the best of weather was almost isolated in the weather which now prevailed. The silence of the tomb reigned over the spot and the surrounding woods, broken only by the gentle puff of the engine that was the source of power. A little wharf about 20 feet square of heavy pine boards, had been built at deep water on the banks of "Clark's Creek" where "Bonnie Branch" joined it, large enough for Butterworth's operations, and here the "Vixen" generally at night, took on her cargo, and slipped down to the "Chattahoochee" so as to steam off down the river at break of day, and make her landings by daylight. As a rule McGregor looked out for the trips down the river, but occasionally Butterworth accompanied him; and, then with great glee, over a decanter of "Old Scotch"—if it were any way obtainable, or Hermitage "hootch" they would "divvy up" at the Commonwealth, and Butterworth would slip away quietly to the "Hermitage," not being anxious to meet any of his acquaintances. Patrick, too, as I said, was keeping under cover these days, until the fight would be forgotten. So, January ran out and the bad weather went over into February. The first week was nearly gone, when one dark dismal day before noon, as Patrick was busily engaged at his desk, word was brought to him that an illicit still was being operated somewhere in the fastnesses of "Marlowe Hills". Now these "Marlowe Hills" were just Northeast of the "Hermitage". They constituted a tract of exceedingly rough and broken country covering several square miles, clothed for the most part with heavy

timber and cut by many and rapid, and at the same time, dangerous streams, all of which emptied their water either into "Bonnie Branch" or "Clark's Creek". Patrick's deputies had been chosen with great care and circumspection with a view to efficiency. Some were town, and some country boys, and all knew every nook and corner of "Brandywine County". They were a crowd of perfect dare-devils, and any day would sooner fight than eat. Four of these were deputed to scout through the hills and bring back all the information they could get. On account of the sodden condition of the country roads, they took a little fifteen foot power-boat of light draft and made their way up "Clark's Creek", past Butterworth's wharf and out into the hills, as far as they could navigate. Here they tied up and scoured the woods on foot, all that day, without results. At night they returned to their boat and camped on the Creek bank, sleeping as best they could under a small tent. They spent the entire next day in the same manner, returning at night, tired and hungry. The third day, in the morning, after their breakfast they broke camp and started down "Clark's Creek", tired and disappointed to Pulaski, to make their report. When they came to Butterworth's wharf about 9 o'clock, there was no sign of life, all as quiet as the tomb. Butterworth's plant lay about a mile to the south. A thought struck them to land, and look around a little just out of curiosity, for they had not the slightest suspicion that the "Hermitage" harbored an illicit distillery of large capacity. Two of the men remained with the boat and two others, the Captain of the squad, Gus William and a companion, Bob Merrill, set out on foot through the brush, for a newly-made road was deep in mire, in the direction of Butterworth's plant. A gentle rain was falling, cold and chilly, and the adjoining cliffs to the East were festooned with clinging mists, as well as the giant pine-trees in the woods near by. The two men, throwing aside the brush with their hands, had arrived within about a quarter of a mile of the "Hermitage" and not more than two hundred yards from "Bonnie Branch", whose waters they could hear murmuring on their way to Clark's Creek, when they came to a little clearing.

"Look there!" said Gus to Bob, pointing to an object some distance ahead.

"Why they're raccoons!" said Bob, grinning.

"Did you ever see such antics?"

"No, I never!" replied Gus, and the two men stood watching the

two coons who were going through a performance worthy of a pair of trained acrobats. They would walk along side by side, unsteadily on their feet, then suddenly tumble over on their sides and roll, sometimes against each other, sometimes away. Then they would be on their backs, with their feet in the air, like a collie dog. The men laughed heartily.

"Why they act," said Gus, "as if they had 'some taken'. Two old topers couldn't behave more unbecomingly."

In the mean time the men were creeping nearer and nearer. But the coons, taken up with their little frolic, simply ignored them.

"You grab the one on the right, and I'll grab the other," said Gus. "We'll bring back something anyway."

No sooner said than done. The two coons were taken without difficulty.

"Well, would you believe it," exclaimed Gus, "these coons are drunk! I wonder where they got it!"

"You're right," answered Bob, "they have a pronounced whiskey-breath.

The men looked at each other and laughed.

"How fortunate that we came up here," observed Gus. I think we're on the trail of something."

"Sure," assented the other.

They tied the four feet of the coons together and gagged them, so that they could not escape and then began to follow their footprints. It was easy enough, for the coons had swaggered along without any thought of covering up their tracks. The trail led directly to "Bonnie Brook".

"See," said Gus, "there's where they mixed their drinks."

Sure enough the eight footprints were plainly discernible at the edge of the water. But the sand was wet for a considerable space in every direction, up and down stream, and the tracks had faded.

"You go down stream, and I'll go up," said Gus, "and watch closely the muddy spots. We'll find the tracks again."

So they did. After a few moments Gus gave a whistle and beckoned to his companion, who came running back. There were the tracks plain enough. So they followed them up stream several hundred yards, now losing them for a while, then running upon them again. At last, within a stone's throw of Butterworth's plant which they could now see plainly, the little steam pipe puffed up white jets of

steam, the coon tracks seemed to disappear abruptly into the very earth. There was a dense thicket of low shrubs and dwarf trees and a kind of thick tangle of roots.

"I smell something," said Bob, throwing himself down on his belly, and looking in under the roots. "Say," he exclaimed, looking up; "there's a kind of hollow under there, something like a cave. Have you got your search-light with you?"

"Yes," replied Gus. "I always carry it."

Bok took the search-light and forced his way between the roots for several feet.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "No wonder these fellows were drunk. Here's a lot of cornmash!"

Both the men were intensely excited over this find.

"And say," he continued, "here's an iron pipe coming from that plant up there."

"Come out," said Gus, "and let me take a look."

So Gus went still further, and at last when he came out he said in a quiet voice: "We've got the goods, boy. I have a handkerchief full of that cornmash, and besides that iron pipe, there's another square wooden pipe further back, and that's the one they dump the cornmash into. Come, now, let's hurry back to the boat. We didn't find what we came after, but we got something better. Who'd ever have thought that Butterworth was running such a place."

And down the stream the two slipped noiselessly, picked up their coons and were soon gliding rapidly down "Clark's Creek" toward Pulaski.

Patrick, in his shirt sleeves, was sitting at his desk, making out a report, his brow knit, when the four deputies burst in upon him.

"Well," said he, looking up inquiringly, "what luck?"

"Nothin' doin' 'tall in 'Marlowe Hills,'" replied Gus. "Beat the brush for two days over the hull region, turned over ev'ry nook, nosed into every corner, no sign nor smell o' nothin'. Nothin' out there but cows and turkey-buzzards! This is all we got (holding up the coons)"

"Well, that's a good deal!" said Patrick, feeling one of the coons. "They're good and fat. You're in for a good coon dinner, anyway."

"Eat these coons? No sir! exclaimed Gus. "We're going to put them in a gold cage."

"Gold cage! What's the idea?" said Patrick. "I don't see anything extraordinary about these coons."

"Why they're the best deputies in the hull bunch!" returned Gus. "A'int that so, boys?"

"You said a mouthful that time!" assented Bob. "But they aint much good at keeping the prohibition law, for we caught 'em transporting illicit goods." And the four men laughed heartily.

"Say," said Patrick, "cut out the jokes, and tell me if you found anything. This is a serious matter with me."

"I told you we found nothing in 'Marlowe Hills', but I didn't say we found nothin' anywhere else. Here, (laying the handkerchief containing the cornmash on the desk), what do you take that to be?"

Patrick examined it closely.

"Why that's cornmash!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Where did you get that?"

"We got that at the 'Hermitage' at Butterworth's. That 'Native Products Corporation' is nothing more nor less than a distillery. That's all," replied Gus.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Patrick.

"Impossible nothin'!" answered the other. "Lissen!"

And he gave Patrick a detailed account of the adventure.

"Now, where else could them pipes lead to 'cept to Butterworth's plant?" he concluded, triumphantly.

"It looks bad! It looks bad!" said Patrick. "All right, boys, you've made a ten strike. And if there's anything doing, you'll be in on it."

"Sure pop!" they exclaimed, as they filed out of the door.

Patrick was alone. He rose and paced the floor excitedly. This was most unexpected. There was a feeling in his heart for Butterworth. Such a fine fellow, if he were only all right. This threw some light on Butterworth's conduct at Janice's Birthday dinner. But, he mustn't act too precipitately. To make assurance doubly sure, he took a trusted companion the next day, after breakfast, and in the little power-boat, went up beyond Butterworth's landing on Clark's Creek. The "Vixen" had just come in from Tampa with a cargo of cigars and McGregor met the two men at the wharf. As their boat started out into the stream, he turned and went back to watch them.

"Where the devil is that fellow gone now?" he muttered to himself.

"Do you see that fellow watching us?" said Patrick to his com-

panion. "I don't like that. Let's go the opposite direction, and you keep your eye on him."

So they headed for the Chattahoochee, watched by McGregor, who, when he saw them round a bend and disappear from sight, turned on his heels and strode away up town to make his declaration at the Custom House. In a few moments Patrick turned and came back and quickly disappeared on his way up stream.

From the cliffs on the opposite bank of Bonnie Branch, Patrick and his companion lay in ambush all the afternoon, watching with a field glass every move of Butterworth's plant. With the knowledge they now possessed many things looked suspicious, but especially when they saw one of the workmen drive a cart down to a dense clump of bushes on the bank of 'Bonnie Branch', disappear, remain quite a while, then drive out again, pitch a long handled ladle into the cart, and drive off whistling.

"It all fits together," observed Patrick to his companion. "Now, it's noon, let us return."

That afternoon Patrick had an interview with Capt. Ferguson of the "Greyhound", the Government cutter, and they made an arrangement.

"I'm convinced now," said Patrick to the Captain, "that this McGregor is 'particeps criminis', in the whole affair, and we must kill two birds with one stone."

So, one of the deputies, disguised as a seedy-looking sailor, working around the wharf, was instructed to keep his eyes on the "Vixen" and report accordingly. That very night would bring the test. The February moon was near the full, but the heavens were still overcast with heavy clouds. Twelve of Patrick's deputies, armed to the teeth, had been put aboard the "Greyhound" under command of Capt. Ferguson, which quietly lay at anchor in the Chattahoochee, about a mile above the mouth of "Clark's Creek". Patrick, with six more deputies similarly armed, had the little power-boat snugly concealed in the bushes just opposite Butterworth's wharf. They had conjectured that the "Vixen" would go out that night and they were determined to see the whole proceeding. Search-warrants had been made out and everything was perfectly legal. They had conjectured rightly, for McGregor and Butterworth were sitting at 7 P. M., at a little table in the "Grill Room" of the Commonwealth making a hearty supper

on the lamb-chops. Both were in the best of humor, for the last two trips of the "Vixen" had paid them royally.

"We couldn't have a better night for our trip," said McGregor; "if the clouds only hold! There's just light enough to see things with none to spare."

"How's the boat?" inquired Butterworth, gnawing at a luscious chop.

"Fine," replied his companion. "Everything is ship-shape. By the way," he continued, "I wonder what that Patrick Maloney was up to this morning after breakfast. I saw him in that little grey power-boat going down the 'Chattahoochee'."

"Oh," replied Butterworth, "likely he was just out for a ride. He's an athlete, you know."

McGregor grinned, which was not lost on Butterworth, who colored slightly, then added, as if to himself: "I'll be ready for him next time. There's no suspicion about us out there. We never see a soul. The place is as dead and dry as the Sahara."—And both laughed.

That night about 10:30 o'clock, in the grey light, the "Vixen" pulled out, with McGregor and Butterworth aboard, to take on a cargo at Butterworth's wharf, and slipped along quietly up the Creek.

In the meantime, about sundown, a large ox-wagon had brought a large load of boxes which were piled on the wharf. When the "Vixen" tied up, McGregor and Butterworth, with the engineer and two other men, sprang out and in a little while all the boxes were safely stowed away, and the "Vixen" started slowly and noiselessly down stream. McGregor was at the wheel, Butterworth beside him, on a camp stool, and the two workmen, on two of the boxes below. There was a large square opening in the floor of the little pilot room, through which McGregor could give orders to the engineer, directly below him.

"You got a good fire, Mike?" he said to the engineer.

"Yes, fine," answered the fellow.

"And plenty of steam up?"

"You bet!" was the answer.

"Well, keep it up. We may need it. Oil up everything, between here and the 'Chattahoochee'."

"Ay, ay, sir!" came back.

Just then Butterworth rose and gave a glance backward up the

Creek. The moon broke from a big cloud, sending down a flood of light.

"Hell!" exclaimed Butterworth. "There's that —— Maloney following us in that little power-boat."

"I thought so!" said McGregor. "If that's so, we'll go right down the river to Tampa and make no deliveries on the river. Give me room to swing the wheel, 'cause there's lots o' snag along here. Mike, half power here!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" came from below.

Butterworth examined his gun.

"Put that barker away!" said McGregor, sharply. "We don't want to be killed. What can two men do against fifteen or twenty? The only thing for us, is to run like the devil."

They had now passed into deep water near the "Chattahoochee", not far above the R. R. bridge. Suddenly there was a hiss, a flash of light, and a rocket went up from Patrick's boat,—a signal for the "Greyhound" to bear down. The bridge on the Chattahoochee" was open, but McGregor heard the rumble of an approaching train. One minute and this bridge would close. The bell was already ringing.

"Full steam ahead!" he yelled down.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And the "Vixen" sprang forward, churning the water. Butterworth could see the "Greyhound", under full steam, bearing down the river, and the form of the deputies massed together; behind, the little power-boat in full pursuit. Visions of disgrace swam before his eyes. His first impulse was to put his gun behind his ear and pull the trigger.

"No," he said to himself, "They've got to catch us first."

(To be concluded.)

Enrollment of 100,000 students of the New England States in the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade by June is the aim of the New England division, which is now making preparations for a week of the most intensive campaigning.

Our doubts are traitors.
And make us loose the good that we
might win
By fearing to attempt.

—Shakespeare.

Catholic Anecdotes

GETTING THE MEANING OF IT

Some time ago a gentleman who has been through the Orient for the past two years remarked quite audibly that the folks here at home have no clear idea of the meaning of the title Catholic.

"Before I went to the Far East," he said, "my vision was practically bound by the limits of my parish, with an occasional small look at the interests of the Church in this country, I now realize that I was pretty narrow, but in excuse I may plead that the shepherds never opened the broad ways of Catholicity to me, and if they did, I wasn't on the job."

The speaker brought back with him from different sections of China, a number of very interesting photographs of native priests and Sisters, orphanages and other institutions of charity and a list of figures that are startling. We have never been strong on mathematics, but the problem is so simple that we grasped it at once, and without the least mental effort. He mentioned that in the vicariate of Pekin alone they have more than 30,000 baptisms a year, and the number could be easily doubled if there were more money and men to meet conditions.

"The best investment that I know of," he said, "is the gift of a few dollars to those fine priests and Sisters who are doing such fruitful work for the Church."

MY LORD'S HEAD

When Henry VIII had a dispute with Francis I, of France, the King of England sent Lord Bomrer to Paris, charged with saying some disagreeable things to the French King.

"Alas!" said the English ambassador to his king, "speaking that way, my life will be in grave peril."

"Rest assured," replied Henry, "if the King of France touches a hair of your head, I will decapitate a score of Frenchmen who are in my power."

"I quite believe it, Sire," answered Lord Bomrer; "but of all those heads none will fit my shoulders as well as the one that is there now."

That was sound logic. We might use the same in regard to our soul. In any temptation to sin or risk to our salvation, we might say: "I have but one soul and nothing else will compensate me for the loss of that."

LOOKING BACK

A woman whose first years had been strangely free from any real trouble of any kind, but who had seen much of tragedy after she was thirty, said:

"The thing I cannot understand, and perhaps never will, is why I was not happier when I had the chance.

"There was hardly anything to make me unhappy, yet I was a most miserable person until real trouble came along. I can look back and remember days when I went about wrapped in tragedy because my gown had not been sent home from the dressmaker at just the time I wanted it, or because I had not received an invitation I had counted on, or because my husband had forgotten that it was my birthday.

"I could always find something to fret about in those days, something to grumble over, something to darken the horizon.

"Now that real sorrow has come to me, the things that used to fret me are as nothing. I have come to the conclusion that some people just like to be miserable."

Certain it is that people do make much misery for themselves when they might have happiness. It is so useless—such a waste of time—to fret about trifles. It is a fault which can and should be remedied.

NO REGRETS

A man stepped up to Henry Ward Beecher one day and said:

"Sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss the question with you. I believe that when I die, that will be the end of me."

"Thank goodness for that!" said Mr. Beecher, as he walked away and left the man dazed.

Pointed Paragraphs

MARY OUR MODEL

It is quite safe to say that hardly anyone has so often been the subject of artists' skill as our Blessed Lady. Hardly any master of the craft in days gone by, has failed at some time or other, and some repeatedly, to throw upon the canvas his conception of Mary, the Mother of Our Lord. And every picture reveals the attempt to trace in the image every conceivable line of goodness, virtue and pure womanliness.

But Mary is a model, not only for artists,—she is a model for every Christian in his every day life.

She is the exemplar of every virtue: she practised all in the most heroic degree, and still on a plane most wonderfully simple: the plane of ordinary every day life.

May brings her image before us again. The May devotions recall to our minds all her dignity, her power, her mercy, her goodness, her motherly love and solicitude for all of us, and also her holiness of life. They remind us of her purity and modesty, her gentleness, her fidelity to every least duty, her tenderness, her courage and bravery, her humility, her charity, her faith and generosity, her devotedness to Jesus.

The frequent and devout contemplation of her must kindle anew in our heart our love for everything high and noble, while the thought of her motherly care for us must awaken in us feelings of joy.

May is Mary's month; and she is the "Cause of our joy."

DEAR FELLOW-AMERICANS

With a frank avowal of the intention to enter politics "along the lines employed by the Anti-Saloon League," the Evangelical Protestant Society, a new anti-Catholic organization marshaled by leaders of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches, has started a national campaign against the Catholic Church from headquarters just opened in New York.

opposed, and it is declared that "a citizen owing primary allegiance to an autocratic sovereign in Rome, cannot be loyal to the Constitution and the Government of the United States." The society intends, also,

Bishop William Burt, former head of the Methodist propaganda in Italy, and Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, pastor of the Marble Collegiate (Reformed) Church of New York City, are among those enumerated in the list of charter members of the new society. Others of its founders are Rev. Curtis Lee Laws, Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, and Rev. John Roach Stratton, all Baptist ministers. Associated with them in the organization is Gilbert O. Nations, editor of "The Protestant" and former publisher of the "Menace."

"TO DEFEND DEMOCRACY."

The officials of the society announce that it was initiated "to defend American democracy against the encroachments of Papal Rome." Accompanying the letter explaining the purposes of the society was a manifesto which was, in part, as follows:

"The Roman Catholic Church is the outstanding peril to America and the world. It has always claimed a 'divine right' to rule the world, both religiously and politically, and since the war it has engaged in a desperate effort to make good its claim. Its intrigues have been directed mainly against Great Britain and the United States.

"It is well known that the Roman Catholics have determined 'to make America Catholic,' if possible; to create hostility between the United States and Great Britain, in order to prevent the close co-operation of Protestant countries; to undermine our public school system in the interest of parochial schools, where Romanism may be taught; to rewrite American history in the interest of the Papacy, and thus to poison the minds of even Protestant children; to secure strategic positions in our Government for the increase of Roman power and the furtherance of Roman designs * * * to hold the balance of power in this country through the activity in politics of Tammany Hall, the Knights of Columbus, the Jesuits and other subsidiary organizations, and, finally, to undo the work of the great Reformation of the sixteenth century."

"BORN IN PRAYER."

The spiritual leadership of the Pope is stressed as a thing to be

says the manifesto, "to lift the ban which is now laid on the secular press by the Romish Church against the publication of matter unfavorable to Papal designs." In the call for charter members it is stated: "This movement was born in prayer."

Dr. Burrel, in a statement issued to reporters, says that the society "does not seek to antagonize members of the Roman Church whether they be its people or its priests." Dr. Stratton declined to make any comment on his connection with the society when the New York "Times" requested a statement from him.

Is it ignorance, prejudice, conceit or what—that makes these men rise from prayer only to vilify Catholics and work injustice upon them?

THIS EXPLAINS MUCH

Professor William James, one of the foremost American philosophers of our day, in one of his lectures makes a remark regarding prayer, which may serve to explain the attitude of many so-called scientists toward religion. He was speaking of prayer, and declared:

"Relatively few medical or scientific men, I fancy, can pray. Few can carry on any living commerce with God. Yet many of us are well aware how much freer and abler our lives would be, were such important forms of energizing not sealed up by the critical atmosphere in which we were reared. There are in every one of us, potential forms of activity that actually are shunted out from use. Part of the imperfect vitality under which we labor can thus be easily explained. One part of our minds dams up,—even damns up,—the other part."

We fear that many of our "scientific" evolutionists have damned up one part of their minds, and a little prayer might help them.

POPE'S CALL TO WOMEN

Pope Pius urged women of Roman nobility to "set an example against aberrations and extravagance of fashion."

In thanking a delegation of the Roman nobility for an address of devotion, which was read to him by Prince Colonna, his Holiness said:

"You must co-operate in a campaign aiming to reform habits lightly acquired.

"The widely prevailing elegance of dress among women is even necessary sometimes. Often virtue is more beautiful if externally elegantly clad.

"Unfortunately, many are caught with the desire of following the fashion, and cannot find the limit where Christian modesty cries 'Enough!'

"They do not realize that elegance ceases when it has trespassed the border of virtue.

"What I expect from Roman ladies is a crusade against aberrations."

HOW HE HATES HIMSELF

Conan Doyle, a famous creator of fiction as fiction, in days gone by, is now creating and selling fiction as reality. From the wild fancies of Sherlock Holmes, he has passed to the wilder fancies of Spiritism. He takes himself very seriously in his now role.

He has come to America with the avowed purpose to teach benighted Americans the "New Religion", which is to supplant out-of-date Christianity. He anticipates opposition,—he admits. "The present-day Pharisees," he says, "will attack him and his new religion just as the Pharisees of old attacked the religion of Christ."

And so Conan Doyle compares himself with our Divine Saviour! He just hates himself like everything, doesn't he!

VOCATION AND INCLINATION

"Father, everyone tells me that I ought to enter some religious community; but I haven't the least inclination to do so. If I were inclined that way, I would leave home to-morrow. But that inclination I have not; in fact I have no inclination to the religious life, married life or single life."

Apparently this speaker has an inclination to take things easy and is yielding to self-love. Having the necessary qualifications, why could not this person make up her mind, determine to enter a higher life without feeling the inclination thereto; since if that above asser-

tion were true, even now the speaker would be living a life for which there is no inclination.

Who said a vocation is an inclination? Vocation to any state of life contains much that is contrary to our inclinations, just as the vocation to save our souls includes the stifling of many an inclination. If we were to follow our inclinations, what would become of the Ten Commandments of God? Were inclination the real sign of vocation, the thief could say: "It is my vocation!" The libertine, the burglar, could plead: "It is my vocation!" The most degenerate reprobate reaching the depths of degradation would be able to comfort himself with: "Well, anyhow, I have been faithful to my vocation!"

No, put out of your mind the idea that the feeling of an inclination is a vocation, and that the absence of such a feeling is a sign that you are not called to the convent.

Consider the young man in the Gospel. Jesus surely called him: "If thou wouldest be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, give it to the poor, and come and follow Me." Come, follow me, in poverty, chastity and obedience.

The young man felt the usual inclination to wealth, married life and freedom, and the call of Our Lord was opposed to these inclinations. All that that young man should have done was to make up his mind to over-rule those inclinations and to follow the light Christ had given him.

Thus, in regard to the one who declared she possessed no inclination to the religious life. That person should have stifled the inclinations of self-love, and with a good will set out to follow the light God had given her.

COMMUNING WITH SPIRITS

Conan Doyle needed not to make the long trans-Atlantic voyage to initiate us in the art of communing with spirits.

We Catholics learned it at our mother's knee,—not through the morbid methods of trickery and deviltry, or both, called Spiritism; but by the simple straightforward appeal to one who we know will hear and help:

"Angel of God, my Guardian dear,
To whom His love commits me here,—

Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard, to rule and guide."

And I do not have to go into a trance or lose any astral substance or unsettle my nerves to do it and feel that I am not alone in my daily work, but attended by a holy and beneficent spirit.

NOT EVEN THE BIBLE

The Bible alone,—was once the cry of Protestantism. How things are changing, is called to my mind by a clipping from the New York *Sun*. It reads:

"In Protestantism, though it has no other foundation than belief in the Bible as absolute, and divine Truth as 'the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scripture', to use the words of the *Westminster Confession*,—there has been of recent years a very complete rejection of that belief. A school of criticism has arisen which practically reduces the Bible to human authorship, no more inspired than were Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe,—and its seat is in the foremost Protestant theological seminaries.

"It is not the Pope, then, but the great Churches of Protestantism, which need to appoint a commission or commissions 'for the consideration of all questions connected with Biblical Studies'. The time is coming, if indeed it has not already come, when these churches must take their stand definitely and decidedly on the question whether the Bible is of God or only of men. As it is now, the Pope is the sole, bold, positive and uncompromising champion of the Bible as the Word of God."

And still the old fable is told as history: The Church chained the Bible from the people!

Monsignor Pace, of the Catholic University, in an address to the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, said: "If we want to get our Catholic people into the habit of reading Catholic papers, we must begin in the school.

Whereupon the Alumnae prepared this resolution: "Resolved, that we urge our Alumnae to encourage a weekly Catholic press hour in our schools, and to foster it by the gift of subscriptions to the Diocesan Journal, and at least one Catholic educational magazine."

Catholic Events

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

Some paper reports declared that the Holy Father would break the traditional imprisonment of the Vatican during the Eucharistic Congress in May. The truth is that he will probably carry the Blessed Sacrament in the procession under the monumental portico of St. Peter. But it must be noted that this portico belongs to the sacred apostolic palaces.

* * *

The new ruling promulgated by Pope Pius XI concerning the conclave for the election of a new pope, reads: "Repealing that established in the Constitution of Pius X (Vacante Sede Apostolica Tit. II. C. I. n. 33), and for the purpose of giving time to the Cardinals living very far from Rome opportunity of arriving, we prolong to fifteen days the interval of ten days which was fixed, from the day of the death of the Supreme Pontiff to the inauguration of the Conclave. Moreover, we allow the Sacred College of Cardinals to postpone for two or three days more the entrance into Conclave, on condition, however, that eighteen days having elapsed at the most, as many Cardinals as are present should enter at once into Conclave and proceed to the election."

This document in which so much consideration is shown for Americans in the Sacred College, is the first official pronouncement of the pontificate of Pius XI.

* * *

On the occasion of the opening of the Genoa Conference, the Holy Father addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Genoa, urging the faithful to join him in prayers for God's guidance on the deliberations, and bestowing his Pontifical blessing on the meeting. In this letter he said:

"It should not be forgotten that the best guarantee of tranquility is not a forest of bayonets, but mutual confidence and friendship. Equally, if it is wished to exclude from the Conference all discussion not only about treaties formerly concluded, but also about reparations imposed, that should not prevent subsequent exchanges of views which might facilitate to the vanquished the rapid accomplishment of their engagements, which finally would also result to the benefit of the victors.

"Animated with the sentiment of equal love to all peoples which is inspired in us by the mission entrusted to us by the Divine Redeemer we extend to all the faithful the invitation which you, venerable brother, have addressed to your people, and we beg them to join their prayers to ours for the happy issue of the conference.

"May the blessing of the Lord be sent upon it and may the result

of its decisions, which we are confident will be reached in a sentiment of love, pour forth upon poor humanity that concord so desired which by making the peoples more friendly may lead them afresh, after eight years of sorrow and ruin, upon the shining path of work, progress and civilization, and that thus the ideal of the Church may be realized."

Noble words that make one think of the Pope of Peace, Benedict XV!

* * *

In an address to the Calvary Baptist Church of Washington, President Harding declared:

"Religious liberty has its unalterable place, along with civil and human liberty, in the very foundation of the republic . . . I fear that this is sometimes forgotten. In the experience of a year in the presidency there has come to me no other such unwelcome impression as the manifest religious intolerance which exists among many of our citizens. I hold it to be a menace to the very liberties we boast and cherish.

"In spite of our complete divorcement of Church and State, quite in harmony with our religious freedom, there is an important relation between Church and Nation, because no nation can prosper, no nation can survive if it forgets Almighty God. I have believed that religious reverence has played a very influential part in the matchless American achievement, and I wish it ever to abide. If I were to utter a prayer for the Republic tonight, it would be to reconsecrate us in religious devotion and make us abidingly a God-fearing, God-loving people."

Let our so-called scientists and University professors and teachers sit up and take notice.

* * *

Writing to Rev. Albert E. Smith, editor of the Baltimore Catholic Review, President Harding, offered the following tribute to the late Cardinal Gibbons:

"I regarded the Cardinal as one of the men whom the nation could ill spare; for, his long and earnest service for both church and country and made him one of the most useful and wise counselors in a wide realm of public affairs.

"He possessed in a marked measure the qualities of the statesman as well as the churchman, and his influence was invariably exerted in favor of the best conception of America, its institutions and its destiny. Like others who have borne a somewhat extraordinary burden in the public service, I had learned to appreciate and rely upon his sincerity and breadth of vision in many matters of public concern and his death was a very real loss."

* * *

Addressing a gathering of laymen in Detroit, Bishop Gallagher pointed out the need of Catholic organization to meet attacks of enemies of the Church.

"There is little doubt," he said, "that next fall we will have to fight again for the existence of our schools in Michigan. The last elections showed that there were 356,000 voters who were willing to

use the police club of the state to close our schools and to drive religion out of all schools. Their leaders hope to bring up the issue again and again until it is approved. Even now they are busy stirring up citizens to sign a petition. If they obtain the necessary 110,000 signatures, the secretary of state will be compelled to place the issue on the ballot, and we will be put to the trouble and heavy expense of convincing 1,250,000 citizens of the iniquity of the un-American measure. It is of the utmost importance for everyone of us to use his influence in his own sphere, to convince his neighbor of the unreasonableness of the measure. Failure of the petition would be a greater triumph than a victory at the polls."

* * *

The appointment of William E. Borah of Idaho as chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor gives us some reason to believe that the Smith-Towner education bill will hardly meet favor in the Senate. While he has never stated his views in regard to this Bill in particular, he has declared himself opposed to "paternalistic tendencies" in legislation,—of which this bill is a good example.

* * *

The service of Tre Ore was observed in the Chicago Churches on Good Friday more generally than ever before, and it is believed that its observance will in another year be a feature of Good Friday service in all larger churches.

For the first time also a number of large department stores and industrial firms in downtown districts released their Catholic employees for the three hours, from 12 noon to 3 p. m., in order that they might attend. A similar spirit was shown in other large cities.

* * *

Aquinas Institute is the name given to the new Catholic College which Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Bishop of Rochester, and several priests and laymen have incorporated as an institution for secondary studies. The new college will be established in Rochester.

* * *

The first national school of the American Federation of Labor will be established in Cincinnati to train labor leaders to cope with the representatives of capital. It will be known as the American Academy of Christian Democracy. Father Peter F. Dietz will supervise the institution and will teach economics and ethics to union men.

* * *

Marquette University, in Milwaukee, is to have a new law school, the first section of which will be ready in fall. A \$250,000 gymnasium for Marquette is now being completed, and a new dentistry college will be ready next fall.

* * *

Enlargement of the College of St. Teresa, in Winona, Minn., to university proportions and a change of name to Teresan University has been announced here by the Rt. Rev. Patrick Heffron, Bishop of Winona. It will be the first university for Catholic women established in the United States.

Some Good Books

The Man Who Vanished. By John Talbot Smith. Published by Blase Benziger & Co., New York. Price \$1.75; postpaid \$1.90.

"I have been reading up the escapes of famous criminals," said the Monsignor, "it is quite a literature. I learned therein one thing: that they were all caught again because they could not give up connection with their past: with the people, the scenes, the habits to which they had been accustomed. So they left a little path from their hiding-place to the past, and the clever detectives always found it. Thinking over this matter I discovered that there is an art of disappearing, a real art, which many have used to advantage. The principle by which this art may be formulated is simple: the person disappearing must cut himself off from his past as completely as if he had been secretly drowned in mid-ocean."

When they were parting after breakfast, Monsignor said gayly:

"If at any time you wish to disappear, command me."

Here you have the principle upon which this remarkable novel is based. The result is a story that will grip your interest before you have read many pages and hold it till you have read the last.

When the Monsignor made the proposition to Horace Endicott, the latter declined with thanks, little dreaming how soon he would avail himself of it. But when stress of terrible circumstances made him wish "just to fade away as if into water or air", and the words of the Monsignor came back to him, how he seized the offer! Read "*The Man Who Vanished*" and see how he carried it out.

The Golden Key. By Rev. Patrick Griffith, C. SS. R. Published by Browne & Nolan, Dublin.

In our review of the first edition of this excellent booklet two years ago, we expressed the hope that it would find a host of readers. It has done so—as this second edition of ten thou-

This booklet of some 78 pages has for its subtitle: "A short Devotional Commentary on the Lord's Prayer." The Reverend Author rightly feels that too frequently the Our Father is repeated with little knowledge of its meaning, and, therefore, with little profit. Hence he has endeavored to explain, as simply as possible, each petition, and to call attention to the treasures of edification which lie hid beneath its surface.

We heartily recommend this little book to all—to persons in the world, to religious, and also to priests, not only for their private benefit, but also for instructions on the Lord's Prayer.

The Hail Mary. By Rev. P. Griffith, C. SS. R. Published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, Dublin.

A paper covered pamphlet of 24 pages intended as a companion to "*The Golden Key*", reviewed above. The Reverend Author maintains therein the same solidity of doctrine, the same unction of piety, and the same simplicity and clearness of style.

The last words of the author's preface may well be repeated here: "I may add a hope that this little book will induce Catholic mothers to teach their little children their prayers at their own knee."

The Communion Prayer Book. By the Sisters of St. Joseph. Published by D. B. Hansen and Sons, Chicago. Price,—in various bindings, ranging from 35c to \$1.35.

This little prayer book is complete, in as far as all devotions which school-children should love are provided for. It is simple and adapted to the understanding and feeling of a child. It is replete with pictures, especially the Mass being accompanied by pictures that well show the relation between the Sacrifice of the Mass and that of Calvary. It is small and therefore easily carried in a child's pocket. A somewhat new element in a child's book, are the short meditations on Our Lord's life. sand copies bears witness.

Lucid Intervals

"I speak four languages," proudly boasted the door man of a hotel in Rome to an American guest. "Yes, four—Italian, French, English and American."

"But English and American are the same," protested the guest.

"Not at all," replied the man. "If an Englishman should come up now, I should talk like this: 'Oh, I say, what extraordinarily shocking weather we're having! I dare say ther'll be a bit of it ahead.' But when you came up I was just getting ready to say: 'For the love o' Mike! *Some* day, ain't it? Guess this is the second floor, all right.'"

Uncle John promised little Florence a new doll. He took her to the doll department in one of the big stores and said: "Now, Florence, which shall it be, a boy or a girl?"

"Twins," promptly replied Florence, as she selected two beautiful dolls.

The late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia was a diplomat of the first order, and was possessed of a full share of Celtic wit and kindly humor.

Before the *Catholic Standard* and the *Catholic Times* were combined to form one publication, there was keen rivalry and much controversy between their proprietors and readers as to which was the more truly representative Roman Catholic organ in Philadelphia. Each sought eagerly to gain the official endorsement of the Archbishop. On one occasion a prominent layman tried to trap him into a statement as to which of the two publications he preferred.

"Well, I will give you my opinion," said the Archbishop deliberately; "it is certain that the *Standard* is far ahead of the times, and it is equally certain that the *Times* is much above the standard. Therefore I prefer to regard as most worthy the one which is thus proved to be superior."

Two wives were holding forth about their husband's meannesses with money.

"It is so humiliating," said one, "to have to go into his pockets and get money."

"I think that is underhanded," replied the other. "I wouldn't go into any man's pockets, let alone my husband's."

"How do you do it, then?" asked the first.

"I just turn his trousers downside up over the bed and help myself," said the other.

Applicant. "I see you advertise for a window-dresser."

Merchant: "Yes. Have you had much experience?"

"I arranged the windows in the last shop I was employed at and every woman who passed stopped and looked in."

"You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in?"

"Mirrors!"

Johnnie came home from Sunday School and asked his mother if they had automobiles in heaven.

"Why," asked his sweet mama.

"Because," replied Johnnie, "just before leaving Sunday School everybody sang, 'If We Love Him Here Below He'll Take Us Home on High.'

The Duluth Herald tells of a bride who "swept up the aisle of the church." Thank heaven, some of them still know how to wield a broom.

"My dear," asked Blackstone, fishing for a compliment, "what would you do if I should leave you?"

"How much?" asked Mrs. Blackstone, absent-mindedly.

"I don't know whether I like these pictures or not," said the young woman. "They seem rather indistinct."

"But you must remember, madam," said the wily photographer, "that your face is not at all plain."

"Hey Mike," said a workman to the other atop; "don't come on that ladder on the north corner. I took it away."

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